

The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 22.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that she will give a performance of **CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC** on the afternoon of Saturday, June 26, in Willis's Rooms. To commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

HERR L. JANSÄ begs to announce that his **SEVENTH ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 14, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Tickets, 7s. 6d. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., may be obtained at Herr Jansä's, 10, Mornington-crescent, Camden-town. Full particulars will be duly announced.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.—On Friday next, June 4, Costa's **ELLI**. Vocalists:—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 2s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, his "**CHIMES**" on Thursday evening, June 3rd, at 8 o'clock; and his "**CHRISTMAS CAROL**" on Wednesday afternoon, June 9th, at 3 o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall. Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; area, and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Joachim and Rubinstein, Lazarus (clarinet), Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sherrington Lemmens, Miss Dolby, and Miss Messent will appear at the Fifth Concert of the **VOCAL ASSOCIATION** of 300 Voices on Wednesday evening, June 9th, when several of their most popular madrigals and part songs will be performed. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had of all the principal music-sellers.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, will take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday, June 21st, on the same grand scale of former years. Particulars and tickets may be had at Mr. Benedict's residence, 2, Manchester-square, and at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SECOND CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday afternoon, May 31, at 3 o'clock, when they will be assisted by Mr. Blagrove, Signor Piatti, and Mr. George Russell. Tickets (for reserved seats), half-a-guinea each, may be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—**MISS LEFFLER**, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Leffler, begs to announce that her first Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on Monday, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Other distinguished artists are already engaged. Tickets to be had at the Hall, principal music-sellers, and of Miss Leffler, 71, Oxford-street.

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Registers are kept for the gratuitous inspection of Managers, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, &c.

MUSICAL REFERRES.—M. W. Balf, Esq., Cork-street, Burlington-gardens; Signor Schira, 17, Princes-street, Hanover-square; Jules Benedict, Esq., 2, Manchester-square.

MEDICAL REFERER.—John Hastings, Esq., M.D., 14, Albemarle-street.

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MANAGER.—J. H. Mapleson, Esq., 7, Gloucester-street, Regent's-park.

OFFICE HOURS FROM ELEVEN TO FOUR.

MISS LAURA BAXTER will have the honour to give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Thursday, 17th June, 1858, to commence at Eight o'clock. Under the immediate patronage of the Right Honorable the Earl of Mount Edgumbe and the Countess of Mount Edgumbe. Artists: Madame Persiani, Madame Weiss, Miss Matilda Baxter (of the Royal Academy of Music, her first appearance), and Miss Laura Baxter; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Piatti, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Richardson. The Vocal Association, conducted by M. Benedict. On this occasion Miss Laura Baxter will sing: Aria, "Voi che sapete," (Le Nozze di Figaro) Mozart; Aria, "Nobil Signor," (Les Huguenots) Meyerbeer; Grand Duett, "Piero Incanto," (Il Tancrède) Rossini, with Madame Persiani; and Sir Henry Bishop's celebrated English ballad, "Home, sweet home," Bishop. Conductors, Mr. Benedict, Mr. George Loder, and Mr. George Lake. Reserved Seats, Half-a-guinea each; Unreserved Seats, Seven Shillings each, or Four for One Guinea, to be had of Miss Laura Baxter, 7A, Milton-street, Dorset-square, or of the principal music publishers and libraries.

V. R.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c., in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatories of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 31 and June 1, at Lincoln.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 2, at Derby.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 3, at Newport.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 4, 5, and 7, at Shrewsbury.

PICCO.—For engagements, 42, Church-road, Kingsland.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA has arrived in town for the season. All communications to be addressed to her at her residence, 3, Conduit-street, Bond-street, W.

MADLLE JENNY BAUR will arrive in town for the season on the 31st of May. All letters to be addressed to 20, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—There is a vacancy in the above Choir for a TENOR VOICE. Candidates are requested to forward their applications and testimonials to Silas Saul, Esq., Chapter Clerk, Carlisle. Salary, £50 a-year.

DOUBLE BASS AND CASE.—To be sold, a first-rate Double Bass and case, made by Dodd, London. Price £15.—Apply to Wood and Co., music-sellers, Edinburgh.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 13, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

MR. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.—Mr. John Weippert had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivalled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Solio-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

MADAME DOTTI, the celebrated Prima Donna of the Scala and Paris Italian Operas, formerly student under Rossini and Donizetti, will sing at her Matinée, June 11, at Hanover-square Rooms, the as yet unheard **LAST COMPOSITION OF DONIZETTI**, written by the great maestro a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which induced it. "Pauvre Donizetti!" exclaimed Rossini, when he saw it, "c'est bien lui, mais c'est terrible." Full particulars shortly.

THE MISSES McALPINE'S ANNUAL CONCERT (under the immediate patronage of Her Grace Margaret Duchess of Somerset, The Most Hon. the Marchioness of Abercorn, The Right Hon. the Countess of Harrowby, His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, His Excellency Ferouk Khan, Ambassador of Persia, The Lord Pamure, K.T., G.C.B., &c., The Rajah of Sarawak (Sir James Brooke), General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, Baronet, General Sir Henry Stokes, K.C.B., &c., and John Lee, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., of Hartwell-park) will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening, June 14th, to commence at half-past eight o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. each, to be had of the Misses McAlpine, 26, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater, and at the principal Music Warehouses.

HARP MATINÉE.—**MR. TRUST** begs to announce that his last Harp Concert will take place next Wednesday, at his residence, No. 13, Port-down-road, Maiden-vale, commencing at Three o'clock, when he will perform Alvar's Concerto, with accompaniment, and in a Trio for Violin, Violoncello, and Harp; also Duos for Clarinet and Harp, Hautbois and Harp, and Pianoforte and Harp. Vocalists: Miss Marian Prescott, Miss Emily Gresham, and Mr. Montom Smith. Instrumentalists: Miss Marie Salzmann; Messrs. Willy, Newsham, Webb, Walter, Pettit, Severn, Nicholson, Lazarus, and Herr Schmidt. Tickets to be had of Mr. Trust.

MADLLE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a **MATINÉE MUSICALE** at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday, June 10th, to commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Madlle. de Villar, M. Jules Lefort, and Herr Deck. Instrumentalists:—Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, M. Pague; Harp, Herr Oberthür; Piano, Madlle. Valentín. Conductors:—Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Herr Theodor Strauss. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 15s.; to be had of Madlle. Valentín, 6, Duke-street, Hanover-square, and of Messrs. Wessell and Co., 18, Hanover-square.

MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, Friday evening, June 4, Hanover-square Rooms. Madame Viardot Garcia and Miss Messent; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allan Irving, and Mr. Santley; Pianoforte:—Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Brinley Richards; Violin:—Herr Deichman; Violoncello:—M. Pague. The Vocal Association (200 voices), directed by Mr. Benedict. Miss Messent will sing a new song, composed for her by Mr. Hullah. Mr. Brinley Richards will perform Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26, and three of Mendelssohn's "Lieder"—F sharp minor, Book I.; E major, Book II.; and one in Book V. Miss Arabella Goddard will play Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 29, with Mr. Brinley Richards. Conductors:—Messrs. Cousins, Frank Mori, and Berger. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; single tickets, 7s. 6d. The concert will commence precisely at eight o'clock.

MADLLE SPEYER begs to announce that she will give a **PIANOFORTE RECITAL** on Saturday next, June 5, at Willis's Rooms, on which occasion she will have the honour of performing selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Chopin. To commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Miss Kemble, Herr Richard Deck. Pianist Accompanist:—Mr. H. H. Thompson. Reserved and numbered seats, half-a-guinea. Tickets, 7s., to be obtained at Olivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; at the principal music warehouses; and of Madlle. Speyer, 3, Upper Ranelagh-street, Eaton-square.

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SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE AND SINGING is now published, price 8s., and may be had at his residence, Devonshire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—Critics. "Here is a really sensible work."—Musical World.

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J. W. and T. ALLEN, Manufacturers of Portable Barrack-room Furniture and Military Outfitters (see separate Catalogue), 18 and 22, Strand.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—**MR. W. E. EVANS**, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

THE VALE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA,
March 19th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

To Mr. W. E. Evans.

Yours very truly,
ALFRED MELLON.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF the Directors of the **MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, together with the **CASH ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET** for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, also Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and a list of the Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past year, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES,
39, King Street, Cheap-side, London, E. C.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary,

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The last concert but one of the present season took place on the 17th inst. at the Hanover-square Rooms, and the performance reflected great credit on the Society. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in G, "The Surprise"—Haydn. Scena "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Oberon), Miss Ransford—Weber. Solo for the Violin (Verdi's "I Lombardi"), Mr. Irving Rougemont—Vieuxtemps. Duetto "O la bella imminente" (Betty), Mr. Santley and Mr. Coleridge—Donizetti. Concert Overture (MS.)—St. Vincent Jervis.

PART II.—Selection (William Tell)—Rossini. Song "Come live with me," Miss Ransford—Barker. Overture (Norma)—Bellini. Song, "Fair Nell of Bervie Brae," Mr. Santley—Henry Leslie. March (Robert Bruce)—Rossini.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony was played remarkably well, especially the *andante*, in which the band accomplished a real *piano* more than once. Mr. Jervis's overture is evidently the work of a musician, but somewhat deficient in melody. Mr. Rougemont honourably distinguished himself in the solo of Vieuxtemps, and deserved the loud applause with which he was greeted. Miss Ransford sang Weber's difficult *scena* with energy and dramatic feeling, but she might have been better accompanied. The bassoons, to the great dismay of Mr. Leslie, suddenly becoming audible where Weber had evidently intended them to be silent. Miss Ransford also pleased very much in the ballad "Come live with me." Mr. Santley sang Mr. Leslie's "Fair Nell" with the utmost taste and expression.

The last concert of the season will be given on Monday next, when "Angelina" is to be the star of the evening. Hummel's Concerto in B minor has been selected for performance by the accomplished pianist.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert, on Monday evening, was one of the most magnificent entertainments ever given in the Hanover-square Rooms, by the Philharmonic or by any other Society. The name of Herr Joseph Joachim once more exercised a powerful attraction, and there was again a crowded audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.
Sinfonia in G minor Mozart.
Aria, "Vedrai, carino," Miss Louisa Pyne Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Jessonda" Spohr.

PART II.
Sinfonia in F, No. 8 Beethoven.
Air, "Il soave e bel contento," Miss L. Pyne Pacini.
Sonata, Violin, Herr Joachim Bach.
Overture "Faniska" Cherubini.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Both symphonies were very finely played, and the well-known *allegretto* in that of Beethoven was encored. About the compositions themselves there is not one word to say. They can never, to use the French idiom, "*passer en reliques*," since they are stamped with eternal youth and a beauty that is imperishable.

Equally well chosen and almost equally well executed were the overtures. The qualification, however, only applies to *Faniska*, which was taken too quick, whereby the grace of the first theme of the *allegro* and the quaint character of the second were in some measure lost. Why Spohr's overture was substituted for Mr. Macfarren's *Hamlet*, which had been announced, no one seemed to be aware. The programme contained no allusion to the subject; which we cannot help thinking was a slight both to the subscribers and to Mr. Macfarren. If, however, as we heard it reported, the overture is to be performed at the next concert, there will be no further cause for dissatisfaction.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Herr Joseph Joachim's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto is

renowned all over Europe. The last time its gifted composer ever attended a concert was when Joachim (then a mere boy) played this concerto at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. This was a very short time before he died. In 1852, Joachim performed it at the sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society, and created a sensation not easy to forget. Five years had wonderfully developed those qualities which in his boyhood had caused him to be regarded as a phenomenon. Of *phenomena* generally we have been taught to stand in fear; but the precocity of Joachim (like that of his friend and best counsellor, Mendelssohn) was destined to ripen into matured excellence—not to disappoint by a settled mediocrity, as is so often the case. Six years more have passed away, and only brought him nearer and nearer to the goal which no genuine artist ever considers he has quite attained. "Excelsior" is his motto, and so he goes on perfecting himself year by year, with an ultimate view to what ideal himself alone can know. His performance of Mendelssohn's romantic and beautiful work on Monday evening was splendid from first to last, and the enthusiasm it excited was unbounded. Equally brilliant was the reception awarded to Herr Joachim's execution of Bach's wonderful solo sonata, the second movement of which is the well-known fugue in G minor, a prodigy of learning and invention.

We cannot imagine either mechanical skill or masterly expression carried further than in this performance. The audience were enchanted beyond measure, and, as at the end of the concert, Herr Joachim was cheered and recalled with acclamations.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang "Vedrai Carino" charmingly, and Pacini's hacknied cavatina with the utmost brilliancy.

At every succeeding concert, Professor Bennett experiences a warmer welcome. The subscribers are thoroughly conscious of the great benefits he is conferring on the Society. It was a treat to listen to the accompaniments in Mendelssohn's concerto, as played under his direction. He has now the orchestra entirely under control, and his popularity with the members increases with the confidence they repose in him.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS MUSIC HALL.

A CONCERT was given at the new Hall on Wednesday evening (in aid of the poor of Bethnal Green), which, notwithstanding a powerful array of talent, did not draw so large an assembly as might have been calculated on. The area was crowded, but the galleries and reserved seats were all but empty. The bill of fare was not very inviting; still, more than ordinary attraction might be supposed to attach to the names of Herr Joachim, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Poole, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Sidney Pratten, Mr. H. F. Trust, &c. The comparatively thin attendance was attributed to want of sufficient advertising. Charities, however, rarely "pay," and most people would rather go to any other concert, than to one devoted to a benevolent object.

Herr Joachim was, of course, the "lion" of the evening. He played the first movement of Lipinski's *Military Concerto*, a piece bristling with difficulties, though containing one beautiful *cantabile* phrase, and a *Caprice* by Paganini. Both created an immense sensation, and both were encored; but Herr Joachim only returned to the platform and bowed—thus setting an example which it would have been better had the other artists engaged in the performance imitated.

Miss Louisa Pyne introduced "Tacea la notte," from the *Trovatore*, and Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark!" Mr. Sidney Pratten playing the flute *obbligato*. She also joined Mr. Harrison in a duet from *Linda di Chamouni*, besides taking part in some concerted pieces. The slow movement in Verdi's *aria* was given with Miss Louisa Pyne's peculiar charm of voice and manner; the *allegro* was less admirable. A general encore ensued, and Miss Pyne repeated the "cabaletta." The accomplished singer was also encored in "Lo! hear the gentle lark!" which she sang with great brilliancy and taste.

Mr. Harrison sang two solos, "The Muleteer," and a ballad of his own composition—"I will not weep at losing thee." In both he was rapturously encored.

Not the least pleasing singing of the evening was that of Miss

E. Gresham—a lady whose name is not familiar to us—in the lovely song from *Der Freischütz*, "Und ob die Wolken," (in German). To a pure soprano voice, this lady adds extreme delicacy of expression. Miss Gresham is a pupil of Mr. Benedict.

The other performances call for no remark.

Notwithstanding that the orchestra was empty, there being neither band nor chorus, the effect of the music was excellent, a result attributable to the admirable acoustic properties of the building, which, it is only fair to remind our readers, was due to the sagacity and experience of M. Jullien.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE fourth concert took place on Friday the 21st. Herr Joachim was engaged, and Herr Pischek made his first appearance in London for two years. These constituted the principal attractions of the programme.

Herr Joachim performed Bach's *Chaconne*, with Mendelssohn's accompaniment for the pianoforte (admirably played by Mr. Benedict), and created a *furore*. He would not, however, accede to the demand for a repetition, but merely came forward and bowed.

Herr Pischek sang the air from Mozart's *Seraglio*, "Wer ein lieben," a German ballad by Schumann, "Die bieder Grenadiere," and the "Standard Bearer." He was loudly applauded in all these. Madame Liza Haynes, in the romance and prayer from *Otello*, "Assisa a pie d'un salice," despite of a cold, and a timidity natural in a first appearance before a London public, displayed a charming quality of voice and genuine expression.

Miss Susan Goddard, pupil of Mr. Benedict, played with Mr. Horatio Chipp, Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violoncello, and achieved a decided success. The young lady is a pianist of talent and promise. Mr. H. Chipp is rapidly rising in the estimation of the public, and may be looked forward to as the legitimate successor of Mr. Lucas.

The Vocal Association, assisted by the Orpheus Glee Union, sang several part-songs, a motet by Hauptmann, and Marenzio's madrigal "Fair May Queen." The association is decidedly progressing under Mr. Benedict's able superintendence.

The other artists were—Madame Amadei, Madame Borchardt, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Herr Deck, vocalists; and Mr. Paque, violoncello, and Mr. W. T. Best, organist, instrumentalists. Mr. Best played on the great organ Bach's Prelude and Grand Fugue, in G major magnificently.

The fifth concert is announced for June 9th.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second grand concert took place on Friday, the 14th inst. The following programme was given:—

PART I.—Overture (Leonora)—Beethoven. Aria "Quando Miro" Miss Dolby—Mozart. Song "Mad Tom," Mr. Weiss—Purcell. Solo for Flute, Mr. Svensden—Boehm. Aria "Casta Diva," Miss Louisa Pyne—Bellini. Aria "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Sims Reeves—Mozart. March Hongroise—Berlioz.

PART II.—Overture (Der Freyschütz)—Weber. Part Song "Ave Maria"—H. Smart. Duet "Serbami ognor" Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Dolby—Rossini. Song for four voices "To May Morning"—H. Leslie. Aria "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves—Weber. Glee "The Cloud-capt Towers"—Stevens. "Rule Britannia," Mr. Leslie's Choir—Arne. Ballad "The Tribute of a Tear," Mr. Weiss—Loder. Bacchanalian Chorus from "Immanuel"—H. Leslie.

Conductor—Mr. A. Manns.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir carried off the honours of the day, the audience—a rare thing at these concerts—being excited to real enthusiasm by Henry Smart's Part-Song, "Ave Maria," a result not to be wondered at, considering the beauty of the composition and the perfection of the singing. It was encored and repeated. In the solo vocal pieces Mr. Sims Reeves's song from *Don Giovanni* was by far the finest performance of the concert. Miss Dolby's "Quando Miro" was also capital, as was Miss Louisa Pyne's "Casta Diva," especially the *allegro*.

The third concert is announced to take place on Saturday next.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINÉE.

A VERY excellent programme was presented by Mr. Aguilar on Monday morning to his friends and the public, who filled the Hanover-square Rooms in every part. The only fault in the selection was that it did not contain a single composition from his own pen, which, from one so industriously productive, occasioned both surprise and disappointment. The capital pieces were Mozart's trio in E, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Beethoven's sonata in E flat, op. 29, No. 3; Bach's concerto in D minor, for pianoforte, with accompaniments of two violins, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso; and Mendelssohn's Caprice in E, op. 33, No. 2. Mr. Aguilar was assisted by Messrs. Jansa, Clementi, Goffrie, Paque, and Howell, respectively at the violins (the first two), tenor, violoncello, and contrabasso. Every *morçeau*, more especially Mozart's trio, appeared to please unanimously. To the sonata of Beethoven and the caprice of Mendelssohn, Mr. Aguilar added as a solo performance, Chopin's polonaise in A flat, op. 53, with which the concert was brought to a termination. In all of these varied performances he displayed that talent and intelligence to which he is indebted for his reputation as a pianist versed in every school, while preferring the only true one.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Lindo, pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance, and Signor Marras. The lady possesses a soprano voice sweet if not powerful, and well cultivated. She gave the air from *Figaro*, "Deh vieni," in a most pleasing unaffected manner, and was loudly applauded. Her second song, Beethoven's "Herz, mein herz," indicated acquaintance with the vocal art in its dramatic no less than its expressive form. Miss Lindo also joined Signor Marras in Rossini's duet, "Mira la bianca." The success of the *débütante* was decided, although somewhat endangered by a timidity very excusable and natural under the circumstances.

HERR MOLIQUE'S CONCERT.

THIS classical entertainment took place on Wednesday evening in the Hanover-square Rooms, before an audience, among whom were observed an unusual number of connoisseurs. The programme was one of very great interest as may be seen by the following:—

PART I.—Overture (La Clemenza di Tito)—Mozart. Recitative and Air (Crocato in Egitto), Miss Lascelles—Meyerbeer. Violin Concerto, Op. 38, Herr Molique—Spohr. Recitative and Air, "O voi dell' Erebo," Mr. Santley—Handel. Recitative and Air (Faust), Madame Rudersdorff—Spohr. Pianoforte Concerto (MS., first time of performance), Mdlle. Anna Molique—Molique.

PART II.—Concert Overture, (MS., first time of performance)—Molique. Recitative and Air (Idomeneo), Miss Kemble—Mozart. Concerto for the Concertina, Sig. Regondi—Molique. Bolero, Madame Rudersdorff—Randelger. Duet (Torquato Tasso), Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley—Donizetti. Fandango for the Violin, Herr Molique—Molique. Overture (Prometheus), Beethoven.

Conductors of the Orchestra—Herr Molique and Herr Manns.

Herr Molique has a plea for inviting his friends and the public to an annual concert, since he never receives them empty-handed. On the present occasion, besides his very masterly performance of Spohr's concerto,* and his own quaint and ingenious *Fandango*, he brought forward two new and important compositions—a pianoforte concerto and an overture, both, by the way, in F minor. The pianoforte concerto was composed expressly by Herr Molique for his daughter, Mdlle. Anna Molique, who made so successful a *début* last season, in a trio from the same pen. It is full of interest, and, as might have been expected, masterly. The first movement is of a somewhat gloomy character, elaborately instrumented, and extremely difficult for the solo player. The slow movement (in D flat) is melodious and expressive, while the *finale*, a sparkling rondo, contrasts admirably with the two preceding movements, and brings the concerto to an animated and brilliant climax. Mdlle. Anna Molique's execution was remarkably energetic, and distinguished

* Which M. Sainton played with such brilliant success at the Philharmonic.

throughout by a mechanism to which the epithet of unerring may be justly applied. It must have demanded no ordinary amount of labour, as it required no ordinary talent and facility, to master a work of such difficulty in so complete a manner; and Mdle. Anna Molique richly merited the unanimous applause and rcal which followed her performance.

The concert-overture is, we are inclined to think, even a more highly finished work than the concerto. The orchestra is Herr Molique's natural element, and he breathes in it freely and at ease. With the pianoforte, not being a pianist, he is naturally less at home, and some passages in his concerto would be perplexing even to the most expert performers. But all he composes for orchestra is written with equal fluency and grace. Herr Molique's instrumentation is in the admirable school of Spohr, stamped with certain peculiarities of his own that every connoisseur may recognise. The design of his overture is classical and pure, the great masters, whose works he has studied deeply and lovingly, being his models. Thus we have a composition in which symmetrical form and consistent development are everywhere apparent—the production, in short, of a learned and uncompromising musician. Herr Molique directed the performance himself, whereby nothing was lost, but, on the contrary, much gained. The overture was received with the warmest applause, and cannot fail to enhance the high reputation of its composer. We hope to hear of it some fine day at the Philharmonic.

One of the most extraordinary performances of the evening was that of the concerto for the concertina, one of Herr Molique's most ingenious and beautiful compositions, to the merits of which we bore testimony when it was first publicly performed by Signor Regondi, for whom it was expressly written. To make such an instrument as the concertina at all effective in a large room demands no common talent; but Signor Regondi does not merely accomplish this—he makes the concertina sing as though it were a human voice, and his taste and sentiment in the melody of the slow movement are quite as much entitled to admiration as his unprecedented manipulation in the bravura passages of the *allegro* and *finale*. To be brief, in the hands of this gentleman the concertina is no longer a concertina, but loses its insignificance, and becomes one of the most expressive of instruments. Such a display of consummate talent could not fail to be appreciated, and Signor Regondi retired amidst loud and universal plaudits.

Miss Lascelles sang Mercadante's air carefully and well; Madame Rudersdorff exhibited great fire and animation in the splendid *scena* from *Faust*; Mr. Santley gave the fine song of Handel with admirable vigour; and Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley, in conjunction, did every justice to the duet from *Torquato Tasso*. Herr Randegger's *bolero* was made a little too much of by Madame Rudersdorff, which was a pity, since it is a genial, well-written, and pleasing composition.

The band was that of the Crystal Palace, with the very important addition of Mr. Henry Blagrove as *chef-d'attaque*. The concert afforded unqualified satisfaction.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD'S CONCERT.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD, a young pianist, pupil of Professor Sterndale Bennett, gave a concert of classical pianoforte music, on Friday evening, last week, at the Beethoven Rooms. It was her first appearance in public, and the rooms were crowded with amateurs of the piano, anxious to hear the favourite pupil of so renowned a master. Miss Corfield selected as her initiative essay Mozart's Sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin, in which she was assisted by the popular and accomplished M. Sauton. The young performer exhibited brilliancy of execution, pure tone, and a command of *tempo*, rarely to be found in inexperienced players. Thus her first ordeal was passed triumphantly. In Mendelssohn's duet for pianoforte, "Andante con Variazioni," Op. 83, (originally composed for one performer, but subsequently arranged for two, and performed by the author and Professor Bennett, at the concert of the latter, in 1844), Miss Corfield enjoyed the powerful co-operation of her master, and the execution was irreproachable throughout. Professor Bennett's trio, in A, Op. 26, and Mendelssohn's Trio in D, minor, Op. 49, both for piano-

forte, violin, and violoncello, in which the pianist was joined by M. Sauton and M. Paque, were also given. In the former Miss Corfield displayed great neatness and dexterity united to a thorough appreciation of the character of the music. The solo introduced by Miss Corfield—Beethoven's Grand Sonata, in A, Op. 101—was hardly so well suited to her present means. Such a work demands great execution, ability, and entire self-possession. It would have been better for the young pianist to have chosen one of the earlier sonatas of the same composer. Miss Corfield showed ambition, nevertheless, in essaying so difficult a work. Taking into account that she had never before appeared in public, Miss Fanny Corfield's first concert may be regarded as holding out high promise for the future.

The vocal music was entrusted to Mrs. Bertha Street and Mrs. Lennard Lewis, with whose efforts the audience were evidently gratified.

MAD. SZARVADY'S MATINÉES.

At her second *matinée*, on Monday (Willis's Rooms) Madame Szarvady was assisted by Herr Molique and Sig. Piatti. The full concerted pieces were Beethoven's trio in E flat (op. 70), and Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor (op. 3). The grand solo sonata was Beethoven's in A flat (op. 110). The short pieces were the variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel); the sonata in A, of Scarlatti; Chopin's *nocturne* (op. 55); and the "Chasse" of M. Stephen Heller. In all these the musical public had an opportunity of judging Mad. Szarvady, when as Mdle. Wilhelmine Clauss, she first played them in London. On the present occasion she was most applauded in the compositions of Chopin and Heller, which she plays in a manner peculiarly her own. Herr Molique and Sig. Piatti were her co-operators in the trio and quartet, Mr. Henry Blagrove taking the viola in the last. The rooms were very fashionably attended; but we remarked that Beethoven's wonderful sonata was quite beyond the comprehension of Mr. Mitchell's patrons, to whom the inspirations of MM. Goria and René Favarger are probably more congenial than those of the mighty tone-poet. Mad. Szarvady, however, shows true artistic faith in refraining from entertaining them with their ordinary intellectual food.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI'S CONCERT.

THE annual *matinée* of those talented professors, Signor and Mad. Ferrari, took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, and attracted a very numerous audience. The programme was entirely without pretensions, the pieces, with one or two exceptions, being exclusively of a popular character, but well selected with regard to the abilities of the executants. To the concert-givers were added, in the vocal department, Miss Lindo, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Tennant. Miss Lindo is the young lady, pupil of Signor Ferrari, who made her *début* and was so favourably received at Mr. Aguilar's Concert last Monday. On the present occasion, she sang Mendelssohn's, "Zuleika," and joined Signor Ferrari in the duet from *Torquato Tasso* "Cofrei Sofronia." Signor Ferrari introduced Dessauer's song, "How amid the leafy blossoms," besides taking part in Rossini's duet, "La Pesca" with Madame Ferrari; in a duet, by Gradier, "El vestido azul," with Miss Dolby; in Costa's Quartet "Ecco qual fiero istante," with Madame Ferrari, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Tennant; in Billella's quartet, "I poveretti;" and in Henry Smart's trio, "The Carnival," with Mad. Ferrari and Miss Dolby. These were all sung in that artistic style to which Sig. Ferrari has accustomed his patrons. Madame Ferrari gave the fine air from *Masaniello*, "Splendor della grandezza," with equal brilliancy and taste; and Miss Dolby sang the recitative and air, "Parmi les fleurs," from the *Huguenots*—which, by the way, Grisi and Madlle. Titiens both omit—and the ballad, "Those dear old times." Miss Dolby's execution of the former was so admirable as to make us regret its omission at the Operas.

The instrumental performances included two solos by Mad. Szarvady—a *Nocturne* and *Impromptu*, both by Chopin, and both charmingly played; a solo on the concertina, marvellously executed by Signor Regondi; a solo on the horn by Signor Cavalli; and a solo on the violoncello by Herr Lidel.

The accompanists were Signor Billella and Mr. H. Thomas.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

GERMANY has ceased to retain M. Roger, the celebrated tenor, who returned to the native fields of his artistic triumphs last week, and re-appeared on Wednesday at the Grand-Opéra in his original part of John of Leyden. The reception of this favourite artist after his successes in classic Germany was warmed by the two-fold motives of congratulation and welcome. Madlle. Artot, (pupil of Mad. Viardot,) the new representative of Fides, produced a very satisfactory impression.

The Théâtre-Français will shortly close, that the building in which that establishment abides may be restored. The *troupe* will, say the papers—*e grege* the *Ménestrel*—transmigrate to the Salle Ventadour in the interval. It was rumoured that the entire company—the flower of legitimate dramatic art in France, nurtured under the bell-glass of State protection—would be transplanted to London for the period of their exclusion from the Rue Richelieu. If the experiment was projected with the hope of gain, it has been wisely dropped.

A new opera, it is said, by M. Limnander, will be produced at the Opéra-Comique on the 1st of August, and the new tenor M. Montaubry, is to make his *début* therein.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique there has been a revival of *Gastibelta*, an opera by M. Aimé Maillart, originally produced ten years ago, for the opening of the National Opera, under the management of Adolphe Adam and M. Mirecour. The principal parts were sung by Madlle. Borghese and M. Michot. Sabina, the heroine, was originally cast to Madlle. Chérie Courand, now Madame Adolphe Adam. The *Noces de Figaro* will continue its run on alternate nights with *Gastibelta*; and so great has been its success, that the director, M. Carvalho, has decided to prolong the season a month.

A new comedy has been successfully produced at the Gymnase, due to the joint authorship of M.M. Barrière and Capendu. The dialogue is very spirited, and a number of various characters are effectively depicted, which are intrusted to Geoffrey, Dupuis, Lesueur, and Landrol. Emile Augier, in association with Edouard Fournier, has a new comedy at the Vaudeville, which is entitled *Les Lionnes Pauvres*. At the Porte St.-Martin, the revival of the *Bohémiens de Paris* (clothed in English by Mr. Boucicault, for the Adelphi, some years since) helps M. Cogniard to fill his coffers.

THE THEATRES IN ITALY.

No. II.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

HAVING described the "managing powers" of the Italian theatres, and the difficulties they present against any successful speculation on the part of the *impresario*, it becomes necessary to allude to a class of persons who, in conjunction with the *agente teatrale*, are highly prejudicial to the prospects and interests of those artists who refuse to become their creatures or dependants. The system of "buying and selling musical artists" is an old trade in Italy, but it never was carried on to such an extent as at the present period. A number of great speculators are in the field, among whom may be mentioned the brothers Marzi (the present *impresarios* of the Scala, and several other theatres); the Merellis, father and son; Doctor Lampugnani, who is Mr. Lumley's Italian agent; and Borrachi, of the firm of Borrachi and Verger, of Paris. These gentlemen have, each of them, a legion of artists upon their lists, who have articulated themselves for periods of from two to five years, at very moderate salaries, and whom they are anxious to "let out" for a short or long date, expecting, like the greedy usurer, an interest of at least "shent per shent."

The fact is, that with the exception of the "stars," who can command engagements, even Italian artists themselves soon get disgusted with the chicanery and obstacles they have to encounter in this country in endeavouring to procure engagements, and are willing to article themselves to these "speculators," in order to be relieved from such annoyances, for a much smaller stipend than they would otherwise realise, in the first place, because it is sure; and, secondly, because it leaves them more free to pursue their studies. But all is not gold that glitters, for if the

singer be successful a ready purchaser is continually found by the "speculator," and the singer is constantly hurried about from place to place with scarcely any breathing time, it may be also continually shouting Verdi, until at the expiration of their term they have answered the purpose of the "trader," but find themselves quite used up, and with but little voice left to pursue their career on their own account, while, if the singer be not uniformly successful, the "speculator" quickly finds some quibble or other upon which to found a breach of contract, and coolly dismisses the unfortunate victim to seek redress at the tender mercies of the tribunal. Here, then, is the secret of a monopoly in favour of those on the "speculators" list, and acting materially against such as keep themselves unfettered; and as the proprietorship of a journal, or an intimate connection with one, forms a main feature of the stock in trade of dealers in artists, it amounts to this—sell yourself to me and I will write you up, attempt to manage your own affairs and I will run you down.

It may not be generally known to your readers that the mode of paying the salaries of artists in Italy is different from that in England. Instead of paying every week, or every month, the amount of the engagement (generally a stated sum for the season) is divided into four equal portions, called "*quartale*." Of these the first is usually paid before the first night of performance—the second when one-third of the season is past—the third after the middle of the season—and the last at or previous to its termination. But such is the unsatisfactory state of most of the Italian theatres, that they are fortunate indeed who obtain their fourth "*quartale*." As an example, I copy from the *Gazzetta dei Teatri* of this day, as follows:—

"At Venice, Signor Roggia has paid only one '*quartale*' to his company, and after eight performances has closed the theatre.

"At Fiume, the Honourable Signor Delle-Vedove has not paid the last '*quartale*.'

"At Trieste, the same Honourable Signor, bade adieu to the company soon after their arrival.

"At Alessandria (Piedmont), Signor Mascalcini imitated Signor Delle-Vedove's example.

"At Milan, Signor Buranelli followed the example of Signor Roggia, and closed the theatre after four or five evenings.

"At Lucca, the *impresario*, Carlini, suspended payment after a few performances.

"At Ferrara, *idem*, *idem*.

"At Palermo, at the Theatre Santa Cecilia, the manager stopped payment after the first night's performance."

But these questionable proceedings will continue until a wholesome reform takes place. The public require good singers—good orchestra—good scenery, decorations, &c., &c., and the present prices will not admit of them. One shilling to the pit and boxes of a second-class theatre, and at most two shillings to such theatres as La Scala and San Carlos, with large salaries to the leading "stars," must end in a loss to the manager, especially when it is considered that in every theatre of any note all the boxes are the property of residents, not to speak of incumbrances which surround the lyric art in Italy.

CROSBY HALL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.—(From a City Correspondent.)—Miss Clara Mackenzie, student of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a concert in the above hall, on Wednesday evening. The pieces were multitudinous and the artists various. The audience was somewhat sparing in their enthusiasm, and only insisted on one encore in the course of the performance, viz., Mr. Redfearn in the air "La Donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*. Miss Clara Mackenzie has a tolerable contralto voice, and her best effort was in the *Brindisi* from *Lucresia Borgia*. Miss Emily Spiller of the Royal Academy of Music, played a solo on the pianoforte, and Mr. Isaac of the Royal Academy of Music played a solo on the violin.

DUNDEE.—(From a Correspondent.)—A large Concert Hall and Corn Exchange was opened to the public by a grand concert. The performers were M. Jullien's orchestra, M. Remenyi, Miss Louisa Vinning, and Miss Rance. M. Jullien complimented the architect on the acoustical properties of the room, which he states to be all but perfect. The building is 130 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 42½ feet high, and contains from 2,500 to 3,000 people.

A MODEL CONCERT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

Given by the Editor of "LA PRESSE DE LONDRES,"

For the purpose of establishing a Club for Artists,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1858,

Under the superintendence of H. ST. LEGER, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

1st PART.

- Overture—The Crusaders ... Benedict.
 Air—The Star of Life ... Donizetti.
 Miss Theresa Jefferys.
 Duet—Within a Mile o' Edinboro' town ... Scotch Melody.
 The Misses McAlpine.
 Song—Come into the garden Maud ... Balfé.
 Solo Trombone, Fantaisie sur "Lucia di Lammermoor," finale original by Sig. Chiampo ... Chiampo.
 Solo, Piano ... Stapelfeldt.
 Fantaisie Nocturne et Etude Triomphale in octaves, On one of Hopkinson's grand patent pianofortes.
 Herr Stapelfeldt.
 Air—Robert toi que j'aime ... Meyerbeer.
 Madame Rudersdorff.
 Harp accompaniment, Mr. Trust.
 Songs—There is love. Accomp. by the composer E. Stevenson.
 Beware ... Madame Henric ... Beuthin.
 Solo, Harmonium ... Louis Engel ... Engel.
 Air ... Signor Marras ... Marras.
 Duet—Sul Aria ... Mozart.
 Miss Eyles and Madame Weiss.
 Air—David devant Saul ... Bordese.
 Mr. Jules Lefort.
 Song ... Miss Rothschild ... Bellini.
 Air—The celebrated Waltz ... Venzano.
 Madame Gassier.
 Fantaisie Orgue Harmonium. Don Pasquale ... Donizetti.
 Madlle. Nanney.
 Ballad—The angel mother ... Mr. and Mrs. H. St. Leger.
 Miss Eyles.
 Air avec Variations ... Madame Rieder ... Kücken.
 Solo, Violin—La Clochette ... Paganini.
 M. Viotti-Collins.
 Grand Scène—Softly sighs ... Madame Weiss Weber.
 Solo—Zitter ... Madlle Mundi ... Mundi.
 Solo, Horn—Sur un motif de Lucia, &c. ... Cavalli.
 Signor Cavalli.
 Ballad—The rose of morn ... Mori.
 Mr. Thorpe Peed.
 Song—My barque is bounding near ... Balfé.
 Mr. Winn.
 Ballad—Herr Pischek ... Schubert.

2nd PART.

- Overture—Le Puits d'Amour ... M. W. Balfé.
 Song—The Heroes of the Ranks ... Balfé.
 Mr. Thorpe Peed.

- Solo—Piano, with orchestral accompaniments ... Mendelssohn.
 Mlle. D'Herbil.
 Ballad—The Tear ... Mr. F. Glover ... Kücken.
 Air—Il Baccio ... Signor Lorenzo ... Balfé.
 Ballad—Crossing the Moor ... Weiss.
 Madame Weiss.
 Solo, ophicleide—Souvenirs de Naples ... Colosanti.
 Signor V. Colosanti.
 Romance—The Lover's Walk, Miss Mason Mr. & Mme. St. Leger.
 Rondo—Mlle. Finoli ... Rossini.
 Irish Melody—Oh! bay of Dublin ... Lady Dufferin.
 Miss Eyles.
 Solo Violoncello ... Servais.
 [Sig. Giovanni di Dio.
 Ballad—The Strain I heard ... Howard Glover.
 Miss Theresa Jefferys.
 Romance—Tu m'ami ah! si ben mio ... Balfé.
 Signor Lucchesi.
 Chanson—Good Night Beloved ... Balfé.
 Herr Reichardt.
 Ballad—Katey's Letter ... Lady Dufferin.
 Miss F. Huddart.
 Duet—Mira la bianca luna ... Rossini.
 Madame Gassier et Sig. Dragone.
 Quatuor Concertant (8 hands on two of Erard's grand patent pianofortes) ... Ascher.
 Mlle. D'Herbil, Miss Binfield Williams, Miss J. Lindsay, and Miss Freeth.
 Ballad—Norah ... Balfé.
 Mr. Tennant.
 Air—Anna Bolena ... Donizetti.
 and Bolero Espagnol. Mad. Lozano.

3rd PART.

- Irish Melody—The Minstrel Boy—Miss Stabbach.
 Aria ... Miss Paulina Cahan ... Bellini.
 Trio—Vorei parlar ... Balfé.
 Miss F. Rowland, Madame Weiss, and Miss F. Huddart.
 Solo—Emmelynka ... Zirom.
 Herr Zirom.
 Solo—Piano ... Arnold.
 Song—Der Wanderer ... Schubert.
 Mr. J. Allfeldt.
 Air—Ah! fors'e lui ... Verdi.
 Miss Emily Spiller.
 Song ... Herr Pischek ... Schubert.
 Song ... Mr. Winn ... Bellini.
 Finale—Vadasi via di gua.

Conductors and Accompanyists: Messrs. Balfé, Benedict, Berger, Randegger and Goldberg.

To Commence at Eight o'Clock Precisely.

Prices: Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Upper Balcony, 2s. 6d.
 Tickets to be had at the Office of *La Presse de Londres*, 9A, Warwick Street, Regent Street, and at the principal Music-sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Ortolani, and Piccolomini; Giuglini, Belart, Benevanto, Aldighieri, Castelli, Violetti, and Belletti.

Tuesday, June 1, *LES HUGUENOTS*, and the Ballet with Madlle. Taglion. Thursday, June 3, *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*, and Ballet with Madlle. Pocchini. Saturday, June 5, *IL TROVATORE*, and Ballet. Applications to be made at the Box-office.

Monday, June 7, **GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.** DON GIOVANNI and other entertainments. The Ballet will include Madilles. Pocchini and Marie Taglion. Morning dress only is necessary. To commence at half-past One. Prices of admission: Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d., to be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, *MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.*

Tuesday and Thursday, *THE STOCK EXCHANGE*; or, *The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.*

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their **ANNUAL BENEFIT** will take place on **SATURDAY, JUNE 12th**, upon which occasion *Shakspeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE* will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement *KING LEAR* will be repeated **SEVEN NIGHTS** more, and then withdrawn, to make room for *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.*

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 29, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, *A DOUBTFUL VICTORY* after which *DADDY HARDACRE*. To conclude with a new farce, entitled *TICKLISH TIMES*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 29, the performance will commence with *THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER*. To conclude with *OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Immense success of the Holiday Entertainments. The dramatic spectacle of *POMPEII*, and the new version of *THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT* have proved most successful. Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. G. K. Dickenson every evening. The great tragedian Mr. Phelps will re-appear on Saturday next. On Monday and during the week (Saturday excepted), the performances will commence with the grand dramatic spectacle of *POMPEII*; OR, *THE DOOMED CITY*. Supported by Mr. G. K. Dickenson, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. F. Morton, Mr. G. B. Bigwood, Mr. G. Cook, Mrs. R. Honner, &c. To conclude with the new version of *THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT*, written for Miss Rebecca Isaacs. Marie, with songs and accompaniment on the new military regulation drum, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SUTTON will be kind enough to inform us when the concert took place of which he sends us a notice extracted from the Daily Post, of Friday, May 14.

Several concerts which took place during the past week are unavoidably postponed until our next number.

BIRTH.

On the 24th instant, at her residence, 123, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, the lady of Sims Reeves, Esq., of a daughter.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29TH, 1858.

In another page will be found the programme of a concert which was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. To this curious document, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers. Nothing so monstrous, nothing so humiliating, has been circulated in this metropolis within our remembrance. A concert of 54 pieces, vocal and instrumental, and out of these scarcely half a dozen worth hearing under any circumstances! The entertainment—a questionable term for such an unquestionable infliction—was professedly “given by the editor of *La Presse de Londres*, under the superintendence of H. St. Leger, Esq., for the purpose of

establishing a club of artistes.” Never having heard either of the aforesaid editor, or of “H. St. Leger, Esq.,” we do not presume to ask under what plea those gentlemen were justified in soliciting public support for any such object; but we have a right, in behalf of all who regard the art of music from a serious point of view, to protest against their proceedings. The whole performance was an imposition—nothing better. How indeed could it have been otherwise?

The crowd that flocked to St. James's Hall on the occasion may or may not have been a *bond fide* assembly. With that we have nothing whatever to do. If it was really a paying audience, so much the worse. In that case, whoever gave half-a-guinea for a stall, or even half-a-crown for a seat in the upper balcony, was simply a blockhead. Had he seen the programme in advance, and reasoned with himself for one instant, what could he have expected? Supposing that every piece advertised was performed, he would necessarily be afflicted with a surfeit; supposing the contrary, he would then be virtually “done” out of his money. In either case a victim—in neither would he be entitled to the smallest degree of sympathy.

The prevalence of “monster-concerts” is growing into an intolerable nuisance. Their results are debasing alike to art and to artists, besides exercising a pernicious influence on the public taste. Every one who cares for music should set his face against them. They metamorphose what should be a genuine and delightful amusement into an absolute bore. They corrupt and degrade, instead of refining and elevating the mind; pall on the sense, instead of stimulating it to healthy enjoyment. Examine and sift them how we may, not an argument can be adduced to palliate their glaring inconsistency, not the shadow of a defence be instituted in their behalf.

Such an example of the species “monster-concert,” however, as that of Wednesday evening, is without precedent. We say it advisedly—music was never before so shamefully dragged through the mire. If any intelligent gentlemen whose avocations do not ordinarily bring them into contact with musicians happened to be present, their experience of this “entertainment” must have inspired them with a very contemptible idea of the profession. No wonder foreigners laugh at us, and refuse to believe that we have any true love for the arts, when they find such stupid perpetrations not simply endured, but encouraged.

But another point remains to be discussed. Out of the singers and players—between forty and fifty in number—who took part in the concert “given by the Editor of the *Presse de Londres*, and under the superintendence of H. St. Leger, Esq.,” we should be glad to know how many were remunerated for their services. Some half-dozen were probably never heard of until their names appeared in the programme drawn up with such abundant vigour by “H. St. Leger, Esq.” Granted, nevertheless, that Signor Giovanni di Dio (*per Bacco!*), Herr Stepfelfeldt, Madlle. Nancey, Madlle. Mundi, Miss Paulina Cahan, Herr Ziram, Herr A. Arnold, Mr. J. Allfeldt, and others with whom fame cannot boast a very intimate acquaintance, were ready to jump at any chance of earning a little distinction, the same inducement could not be held out to Mad. Gassier, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Herr Reichardt, Messrs. Balfe and Benedict, Herr Fischek, who was ingeniously announced to sing the 52nd piece, and Mr. Winn, who was put down for the 53rd. Messrs. Benedict and Balfe (we address ourselves to the highest authorities) will perhaps be polite enough to inform us what the concert really signified, and

what persuaded them to lend their services. The explanation at the head of Mr. H. St. Leger's programme is more plausible than convincing. The notion of "establishing a club for artistes" out of the proceeds of such a trumpery performance could hardly, we think, be entertained by any one in his right senses. And yet, if the statement was a candid one, and not, as might reasonably be imagined, a pleasantry, on what grounds do the projectors found their right to institute anything of the sort? What are they to art, and what is art to them?

If, however, there be any intention of setting on foot in this country the system that prevails in a great measure throughout the Continent, lowering the relationship between artists and the press, we shall consider it our duty to speak in plainer terms.

WHAT's that you say in your bills, Mr. E. T. Smith? A million of Italian operas? Heavens, what an infliction! No, no—beg pardon. We had not our glasses on; but we can see clearly now. "Italian Opera for the million." All right! We beg pardon once more, and in the name of the million, thank you into the bargain.

So we have three Italian Operas all going on at once! All (granted a sling) within a stone's throw of each other. A happy coincidence may enable the lover of variety to see and hear three "Traviatas" in one evening. He may behold Mad. Donatelli rejoicing in champagne and gay society; he may witness the distress of Madlle. Bosio, when Alfredo is torn from her arms; and without incurring the expense of cab-hire, he may be in at the death of Madlle. Piccolomini. On another happy occasion Madlle. Bosio shall drink, Madlle. Piccolomini shall break her heart, and Mad. Donatelli shall lose the last particle of her lungs for his enjoyment. But the cup of sweets is not yet drained to the bottom. A third good throw of fortune's dice—such a *7^{pts} 2⁵* as rejoiced the heart of Agamemnon's watchman, and lo! our enthusiast shall see Madlle. Piccolomini wag her head merrily over her bumper, his heart shall thrill with sympathy for Mad. Donatelli's crosses in love, and he shall sit at the death-bed of Madlle. Bosio. By all the muses and graces, a most poetical permutation!

This multiplicity of Italian operas is a luxury in the strictest sense of the word. It does not answer a single useful purpose. It cannot be explained by the disciples of Bacon or the disciples of Plato, inasmuch as it is equally without *causa efficiens* and *causa finalis*. There is nothing like it in any habited part of the globe. [Once, we understand, it did exist in some uninhabited part of the globe, and became such a nuisance, that all the inhabitants fled *en masse*]. Perhaps we may regard it as a fungous production of the London soil, and recommend that a paper be read on it in the Museum of Practical Geology. There was originally a *causa efficiens* for the growth of opera in Cis-alpine countries, and that was to be sought in the fact, that Italy was the land, *par excellence*, for operatic composition and vocal training. When artists all come from one place, it is but natural that their language should accompany their art. But that cause has ceased, and, nevertheless, Italian opera-houses increase and multiply as though the mandate recorded in Genesis had been uttered, not to the human race, but to them. When Italian music was at its zenith, we had only one Italian opera-house, and quite enough too. Now Italian music is at its nadir—now the entire peninsula has nothing to show for itself in the way of composition, save

the rapidly composed works of Verdi; now vocalists come indifferently from all parts of Europe, but in the face of these facts we have three houses in which nothing but the tongue of the sweet South is to be heard.

"But then the Italian language is so beautiful." Now, ye masses,—and pretty large masses you must be, if you can fill three theatres—don't be affected. We are perfectly aware that the preponderance of vowels in an Italian word renders it remarkably smooth and sonorous to the ear. But that the modicum of pleasure thus produced is at all equal to that of listening to the words of one's mother tongue, we do not for a moment admit. Without insisting on any unreasonable John Bullism, we assert that Italian is just the language that a general public of the present day is *not* bound to understand. French is accepted as the universal medium of communication among the fashionably educated of every country; German literature is among the most important phenomena of modern intellectual life; but Italian is simply studied for the sake of the old poets, who maintain in our libraries a position analogous to that of the Greek and Roman classics. To the literary student, who devotes himself to researches connected with the revival of learning and the dawn of poetry in Western Europe, a knowledge of the tongue of Dante and Petrarca is of course, indispensable, but persons of this class if they were all assembled together on one spot would scarcely fill a moderately-sized pantry, much less would they contribute in any sensible degree towards the repletion of three big theatres.

If we cannot find a *causa efficiens* for the monoglott state of the lyrical drama in London, we are just as unsuccessful if we look out for a *causa finalis*. What good end can be answered by a multiplicity of Italian operas? None at all, but, on the contrary, it can only lead to positive evil. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," is a good old antithetical proverb; *Ars parva, theatra multa*, though it does not look so neat, is nearly as sound. Artistical perfection is not a product of Manchester manufacture that can be multiplied in sufficient quantities to meet every increase in demand, but it is confined to a chosen few, and by the multiplication of establishments devoted to any single branch, we merely make a little go a great way, forming a number of weak companies instead of one of proper strength. On the other hand, artistical vanity is a plant of most luxuriant growth, and is quite ready to stock the stages of fifty operas in one parish, if there are blockheads enough to build them. Here, indeed, is an additional element militating against the formation of an effective troop. What aspiring lady will quietly play Adalgisa under a steady-going manager, when a daring speculator pants to secure her services in Norma? Where can be the limit to rapacity, when rival managers bid against each other; and every artist, when he strikes a bargain, has a right to conclude that if he had waited a little longer, he might have had still better terms?

No wonder that the Belgravians fret and fume about the Italian organ boys. For upwards of twenty years have these boys played, and nobody ever found fault with them. But now that Italian operas are grinding away almost every night in every part of London, an Italian organ grinding every day becomes absolutely intolerable.

M. JULLIEN has returned to London after one of the most brilliant and successful *tours* he has ever undertaken.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.—On Sunday next the "People's Subscription Band" will inaugurate their season by a performance in the Regent's Park, which will take place from four to six o'clock.

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF ROSSINI.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

It has, at the present day, become the custom not to wait till celebrated men have ceased to exist in order to write their biography. There would be but little objectionable in such a course, if books of this kind contained merely what was suitable and becoming, and if the writers were always truthful and well informed.

Truthful biographies are not, however, now-a-days the most numerous, but, instead of them, the *biographie-réclame* ("the puff biographical") and the *biographie-pamphlet* ("the biography pamphlet") flourish. Men of real merit do not need to have recourse to the former; unfortunately, it often happens that they cannot escape the latter; and the greater the celebrity a man possesses, the more is he exposed to see his acts and words travestied.

Rossini had no need of the puff-biographical; his praises were written by all who, throughout the world and for nearly half a century, have never ceased applauding so many delicious masterpieces of his. As for the biography-pamphlet, he has had to undergo it on more than one occasion, and only a short time since one was printed, in which sentiments and even acts of the most revolting coarseness were attributed to the most polite and well-bred of men—one who possesses in the highest degree the sense of propriety. Such kinds of productions may be allowed to pass unnoticed; they never enjoyed a very extensive influence, the pamphleteers not reflecting that, by endeavouring to run down men of recognised merit, they would only bring themselves into disrepute, supposing they had not long done so already.

The book of which I am about to speak is, without being precisely a pamphlet, more audaciously conceived than all the pamphlets in the world, and I do not think it possible to adduce an example of another such publication, not exactly for what it contains, as on account of the manner in which its contents are presented to the public.

In the first place, we must inform our readers that the first edition of the work, written in German, and, up to the present time, utterly unknown in France, dates from fourteen years back. It has just been translated into French, with the address of Brussels and Leipsic, under the following title: "E. M. CÉTINGER. *Rossini: L'homme et l'artiste. Traduit de l'allemand, avec l'autorisation de l'auteur, par P. Royer.*" It forms three small volumes in 18mo., and opens with an introductory letter, beginning as follows, to Joacchino Rossini:—

"Do you remember, glorious *maestro*, a young German, who in the month of April, 1830, was presented to you in Paris by M. Castil-Blaze, and who brought you—*illustrissimo Dio della musica*—a whole heap of affectionate remembrances, a little green velvet cap, and a letter of recommendation, on rose-coloured paper, from the Signora L. M. . . i, of Munich. Do you remember this young man, who soon inspired you with such a feeling of friendship that you gave him a room in your house, a place in your box, and something of which he was much more proud, namely, a little corner in your heart? At that time, he who writes these lines had the honour of sitting every day by your side, before the crackling fire on your hearth," &c.

M. Cëttinger continues by informing Rossini that he can only gain by being exhibited as he really is, *without rouge and without veil*.

After such a declaration, addressed to the very person of whom the author is about to speak, who would not feel inclined to accept for gospel all that is asserted in the work? Unfortunately, there is a little obstacle to this. To M. Cëttinger's interrogation, Rossini will not reply in the words of the epigram—

"Ma foi, s'il m'en souvient, il ne m'en souvient guère,"

for the excellent reason that he recollects nothing at all about the whole matter. He never received the introductory letter, the German work, nor the French translation of it. He only heard of all these a few days since; before that period he knew nothing of M. Cëttinger.

Will it be said that this is a piece of forgetfulness on the part of Rossini, and that, having known so many people, in different

countries, he has forgotten the author of the letter and the work? In the first place, we must bear in mind that Rossini possesses a memory that astonishes all those who come in contact with him; he recollects persons he has not seen for thirty years, and remembers the times and circumstances of his meeting them. But, even supposing he did not possess this precious gift, what man, in the full enjoyment of his faculties, would ever entirely and absolutely forget a person who had lived on terms of intimacy with him, who had lodged in his house, and who had brought him a letter and a *green velvet cap* from a lady, forgotten like everything else connected with the matter? No one, assuredly, will be able to believe such a thing.

The whole story is simply a plan employed by M. Cëttinger to sell his book, though I consider a man must be very daring to adopt such a course, at the risk of being almost inevitably convicted of being an impostor.

And now, what is the value of the book itself? Most certainly it is nothing immense; it is a production in which, as M. Cëttinger confesses elsewhere, he mixed up fiction with fact, by inventing certain adventures of the most ordinary description, with which he connects Rossini's sojourn in Naples, and in which he makes him figure. M. Cëttinger depicts in them the manners and customs of the Neapolitans after a fashion that proves he has not the slightest acquaintance with them.

This circumstance is of no importance as far as our subject is concerned, but what is of great importance is that, in facts purely historical, or, at least, given us as such, M. Cëttinger is no better informed. Nor is this all. He expresses himself with regard to Rossini's first wife (Isabelle Colbrand) in a manner the most offensive and unbecoming to the composer to whom he dared to write his introductory letter. Nor does he treat the second any better, a lady whose kindness, amiability, talent, and, above all, devotion to her husband, are known to us all.

As for Rossini himself, he is made to write letters and express opinions, which certainly never entered his head, and I would have the reader mark that I am not now speaking of the *romantic* portion of the book, but of that which is given us as *historical*. M. Cëttinger, while pretending to exhibit Rossini to us *without a veil*, muffles the composer in a sort of ignoble costume, which, as I can guarantee, does not fit him in the least, and which M. Cëttinger might well keep for himself.

But do we find any new information, or any example of interesting appreciation? Not the slightest. Everything under this head is borrowed from Carpani, or Beyle (Stendhal), another impostor, who gave himself out as a friend of the *maestro*, and pretended he had lent him a coat.*

All that relates to the general history of music is no better treated. I will not abuse the reader's patience, but will content myself with one specimen. M. Cëttinger introduces on the stage Guinault talking to Rameau, to whom he has brought a part of the *Gazette de Hollande* for him to set to music; now Rameau was five years old when Guinault died. Moreover, the names of the composers mentioned, and tolerably well known, are given incorrectly, etc.

Well, this book has remained utterly unknown in France since the first edition, published *fourteen years ago*. It then went through two other editions, without the composer who was the subject of it being informed of its existence, and without any one crying out against it. At present, M. Royer, deceived like every one else, has translated it, and will, no doubt, find a great many readers.

Rossini always cared very little for what was said about him,

* Rossini happening to be taking a walk in London one day with Mad. Pasta's husband, an individual bows and turns towards them. Rossini does not move, thinking the salutation is addressed to his friend. The latter, who really knew the person, returned his politeness, and then observes to Rossini: "How is it, *maestro*, you say nothing to your friend, who, when in Italy, lent you a coat for some ceremony or other?" "My friend—in Italy—lent me a coat! Why, I never knew him or even saw him, in all my born days!" Beyle related the fact in a *Vie de Rossini*. Beyle, as we know, who was afterwards an author of some talent, commenced his career by giving himself out as the author of the *Lettres sur Haydn*, a translation of the *Haydnées* of Giuseppe Carpani.

and, in a certain sense, he was very right. In the present case, however, it appeared necessary that one who did not bring him green velvet caps, or letters from ladies in Munich, on rose-coloured paper, but whom he is kind enough to honour with his friendship, should protest for him, and not allow matters to go further.

Otherwise, what would be the result? In thirty or forty years' time, M. Ottinger's book would be everywhere quoted as an authentic and irrefutable testimony; it would be said to emanate directly from Rossini, whom the author knew intimately, and, consequently, to present the public with the most exact portrait ever traced of the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The lines the reader has just perused will, I hope, be a sufficient protestation, and not be without their effect. ADRIEN DE LA FAGE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Traviata* was given, together with the *divertissement, Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Thursday, *Il Trovatore*, with *Calisto*.

To night the *Nozze di Figaro* will be produced, with Madlle. Titiens as the Countess; Madlle. Piccolomini, Susanna; Madlle. Ortolani, Cherubino; Signor Beneventano, Count Almaviva; Signor Belletti, Figaro; Signor Belart, Basilio; Signor Castelli, Antonio; and Signor Rossi, Bartolo. Madlle. Marie Taglioni makes her first appearance this season in a new ballet, entitled *La Reine des Songes*: so that the performances will be more than usually attractive.

Verdi's Opera, *Luisa Miller*, is in active preparation for Madlle. Piccolomini, and will be produced on Tuesday, June 8th.

A morning performance takes place on Monday, when *Don Giovanni* will be given, with a ballet, in which Madlles. Pocchini and Marie Taglioni will appear.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first appearance of that universal favourite, Mad. Bosio, took place on Saturday night. The opera was *La Traviata*; Mad. Bosio was of course Violetta; Signor Gardoni filled the place of Mario in Alfredo, and Sig. Graziani made his first appearance this season as the elder Germont. The cast was in other respects strengthened by allotting the subordinate parts of Dauphol, D'Obigny, and Doctor Grenville, to Sigs. Polonini and Tagliafico, and M. Zelger, each of whom was perfect in his way.

Madame Bosio was received with loud and continuous cheers. She was in splendid voice, and sang with all her accustomed brilliancy. As a specimen of *bravura* execution, nothing could surpass "Ah! fors'è lui," one of the rare opportunities for genuine vocal display presented in the *Traviata*. Historically, Madame Bosio has made a great advance, and many points in her acting were touching and pathetic to a degree. She was recalled at the end of each act with enthusiasm.

Sig. Gardoni sings the music of Alfredo charmingly, acts the part with considerable spirit, and looks the lover to the life. The scene in which Alfredo repudiates Violetta, displayed a greater amount of dramatic energy than we have ever remarked in him previously.

Signor Graziani obtained the only encore of the evening in the air, "Di Provenza il mare, il suol." The music of Germont, like that of most barytone parts composed by Verdi, is well suited to the peculiar means of this artist. Signor Graziani is by no means an earnest or impassioned actor, but the beautiful quality of his voice would atone for a multitude of deficiencies, many more indeed than can be laid to Signor Graziani's charge.

The scenery was superb, and the costumes were rich and appropriate. The desire to achieve something particularly striking, however, has led to excess in the saloon at Flora's house, where the ball takes place, which, in place of representing a modern drawing-room, or suite of drawing-rooms, exhibits the sumptuous interior of a palace (most probably copied from Versailles or the Tuilleries). The scene was gorgeous and magnificent enough for the ball in *Don Giovanni*.

The introduction of the ballet in the ball scene is very happy,

especially done as it is at the Royal Italian Opera; it materially enhances the effect of the choruses of gipsies and matadors.

On the whole the *Traviata* in its new attire was eminently successful. The same opera was repeated on Thursday. To-night the *Huguenots*, for the fifth time.

Sig. Ronconi and Herr Formes are expected in a few days.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 333.)

FOR the whole day previously to our entrance of the harbour we were in sight of the coast range of mountains, which were covered with the bright green of the wild oat, which grows here in profusion after the rainy season (the winter of California) had closed; beyond this range could now and then be seen the lofty crests of mountains, the continuation of the great Sierra Nevada (Snowy Mountain) chain; these eminences were crowned with magnificent trees, which, to our distant vision appeared to be lofty pines; but were in truth the distinctive growth of these latitudes, the red wood, a distinct species of arbor vitæ, of which a magnificent specimen (the *Washingtonia Gigantea*) can be seen in the Crystal Palace. The northern side of the entrance to the harbour has a short reef called Punto de Diablos, and with this exception it is one of the safest ports in the world, being completely land-locked; and if due attention is paid to the tide-rips, as they are called, no danger need be apprehended if the weather is clear, and as the fogs that sometimes infest this particular degree of latitude occur only in the heat of summer, when the warm sun meets the cold currents of melted snow that arise in the lofty sierras, the morning was most clear and beautiful as we entered the Golden Portals.

I do not think that the most philosophically-minded man living could resist an intense feeling of curiosity mingled with delight as he sailed majestically through this wonderful outlet, formed ages ago by Nature's hand to permit the pent-up waters of the interior which formerly (as she shows by her own rocky pages) covered large portions of the land, and then bursting through in wild convulsion forced this only outlet into the great Pacific, and left the beds of her lakes huge alluvial valleys, richer by far in wealth of soil and waving of golden corn, than the rude ravines of the mountains, pregnant with the ore that makes wise men of fools, and kings of slaves.

What then were our feelings? A band of adventurers, leaving home and happiness to struggle (perhaps fail) in a strange land, thousands of miles from civilisation, now entering their goal—of that earnest band how many have succeeded? how many have buried their fairest hopes within this cemetery of broken affections? how many have but landed on the soil to seek an unknown grave? dying of actual starvation, in a land of marvellous fertility, and in possession of hoards of the fatal metal that in other climes could have bought them every luxury but happiness. No sad thoughts like these crossed our minds, but all was eagerness and wild excitement. As we sailed up the bay, a little fort was passed on our right it was formerly the old Presidio. "Hurrah, boys! there's the old flag; three cheers for Uncle Sam! and see, look, look, there is San Francisco!" "What? those straggling tents, scattered upon the side of a hill?" "How our faces lengthened,—“Was this the magic city we had dreamed of?” "Had we travelled so far, and suffered so much, to reach this miserable encampment?" "And where are the countless vessels of all lands which we were told were rotting in the harbour for want of crews?" we see but one little schooner far away sailing to the north, and even she is lost, an island hides her from our view, disappointment lowers in every face. But still our noble craft goes onward, onward, and we do not stop at this wretched encampment, and we near a point that at first was not perceptible from the opposite shore, and now, good steersman, hard-a-starboard, round she goes, and the great inner bay bursts upon our eyes, teeming with vessels of every size and nation; to our right, in a large curve, lies the noble city, huge wharves, rapidly built at fabulous charges, are stretching into the bay, lined with thousands of spectators with throbbing hearts and waving hats, as they recognize upon the deck some

"old familiar face," or the still dearer partner of his life's chances come to share the luxury his willing hands have wrought for her.

The noble steamer slowly rounded to the wharf, but we were too impatient to wait, so seizing a small valise each we shinned down the ship's side into a boat, a regular New York Whitehall wherry with a real New York Whitehall wherryman. The Dominie's kind face was beaming with benevolence. He tried to appear as if he didn't care a fig, but it was a most transparent attempt at deception, and as for myself I felt all over in that peculiar nervous manner that is so characteristically described, as "sitting upon pins and needles." We were soon landed at the end of the wharf, paid the modest sum asked for about five hundred yards rowing, which was five dollars, and in a few minutes were in the midst of dozens of old friends, where hearty greetings quite bewildered us, and it was odd to hear the various exclamations; "What, Tom, is that you, why how long have you been here?" "Oh, about two years." "Well, I thought I hadn't seen you for a week or two." "And how are the old folks?" "Oh, well and hearty; father begins to break a little, and mother feels the winters more with her rheumatiz." "Why, my boy, you must fetch 'em out here; this is the climate to rejuvenate them; people can't die here if they want to, they have to go elsewhere—they only dry up here and get a little stiff in the joints." "Why, there's Dick Jones, he looks queer?" "Yes, he's had a touch of Chagres fever, and I fear is rather hard up." "Hard up, and in old Frisco! that shan't be long. Dick, my boy, how are you? here old chap, put that in your pocket to keep the devil out (giving him a fifty dollar gold piece) and now come up to my shanty, you shan't move till you are well, and Doctor Gray will soon put you on your pins again." And with a warm shake of the hand he leads off his sick friend—and if poor Dick Jones's eyes do fill with tears, don't blame him poor fellow, for Dick is very ill, and Dick is thinking of his wife and little girl at home, and what would become of them if he was to die; and Dick was *allers a soft-hearted cuss*, and Dick can't help feeling a little womanish in his weak state; and oh! Tom, Tom, if you are sometimes a bit of a rowdy, and a little too fond of a free fight, you are a good warm-hearted fellow, Tom, and that was not the worst thing you did in your life when you saved the poor woman's little baby in the great fire, and burned off all your whiskers which Mary Jane was so proud of.

We soon found quarters in a very fine hotel, "The Oriental," and then, as evening stole upon the city, and the light of the setting sun tipped the oat-clad hills with a brighter emerald lustre, and brought out in bold relief upon a sky already studded with stars, the stern outline of Monte Diavolo, which rises like Vesuvius from a plain; we went forth to join in this evening carnival of nations.

Although in 1848 there were only three adobe houses here, which were used as stores for hides and residences for the agents of the Russian company and other traders, by this time (the spring of 1852) the city was assuming a splendid appearance, spite of the devastating effect of fires which five times had laid the youthful metropolis in ruins. Noble stores were in course of erection in all quarters, the curve of the bay was laid under contribution, piles were driven into the shallow shores, large buildings erected upon them, the sand from the adjacent hills was removed to fill up the foundations, large ships were gradually being built over and surrounded by earth, and at the present time (1858) hundreds of noble streets of granite, brick, and stone cover the spots where noble vessels rode at anchor.

The appearance of the city at night was very singular; large shops filled with every luxury of dress and jewellery met your view on either hand, superb mirrors and gaudily coloured French pictures graced (or disgraced) the walls, while Wilton and Brussels carpets covered the floors of the enormous bar-rooms and gambling houses, on every block of buildings these hells reared their heads, not concealed, but open to the streets, while at the tables, groaning with their golden stores sat quiet, saturnine-looking individuals, quietly dealing monte, faro, rouge-et-noir, or the noisier Roulette; here, at a semi-circular table, would be seen a woman, once, perhaps, pure and beautiful, but now her still fine

features distorted with the lust of gain, and her fiend-like heart shining through her serpent's eyes: she is dealing vingt-et-un, or throwing huge dice through a tin box; on every hand is heard the same monotonous cry, "Faites votres jeux, Messieurs," "Le jeu est près," "Pungle down, pungle down, all down, no more," "Bank wins," "Double the red," "Black wins," "Gentlemen, make your game," "Faites votres jeux," "Cigars, waiter," "Gentlemen, what will you take?" Bang! bang!—a general rush—"What is that?" "Oh, nothing, only a little difficulty at the farthest table; Jem so-and-so shot Bill so-and-so." "Anybody hurt?" "No, no one of consequence, only a Greaser," (a greaser means a Mexican), "go on with the game. Faites votres jeux Messieurs."

A nice life this for a quiet country curate, or a young lady-like gentleman with weak nerves.

Our Good Dominie held up his hands with unaffected horror as we emerged from one of these dens of vice, and walked to a quarter of the city called Little Paris, almost exclusively inhabited by our mercurial neighbours (as *Punch* mildly and medically terms them,) here we found charming *cafés* with their accompanying bands of excellent musicians, and exceedingly good singers, male and female; and after hearing some well-played and sung selections from operas, we supped, and retired somewhat bewildered to bed, to rise next morning upon the Sabbath; and so ended our first day in San Francisco.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN was a little above middle height, and slightly inclined to corpulency. In his healthful days there was in his bearing something elevated, noble, full of dignity and calmness; his gait, on the contrary, was usually slow, cautious, and a little indolent and shuffling.† Accordingly his eye was mostly sunk, half closed, and only lighted up in conversation with near friends, but then in the most agreeable and kindly manner. His countenance made a pleasant and good-hearted impression, without justifying the epithet of the beautiful—indeed one could scarcely speak of an intellectual physiognomy; the fine-cut mouth, commonly protruded a little and puckered up as if to whistle, was, next to the eye, the most attractive feature of his full, round, rather fresh-coloured countenance. Over his short nose rose a high, freely-springing, arched brow, remarkably expanded in breadth about the temples. Above all, his head, covered with dark brown, full and rather long hair, had something downright, altogether strong, and one might say four-cornered about it.

His physiognomy had, with a certain shut-up cast of features, for the most part a uniformly mild, benevolent expression. The rich soul's life did not mirror itself there so vividly, as in sanguine natures. When Schumann wore the friendly mien, which was not, to be sure, too often, he could exert a fascinating influence on those about him.

While standing—long standing easily fatigued him—he held either both hands behind his back, or at any rate, one hand, while with the other he musingly brushed his hair one side, or stroked his mouth or chin. If he sat or lay unoccupied, he often let the upraised fingers of both hands play with one another.

The manner of his intercourse with others was very simple. He spoke but little or not at all, even when questions were asked him, or at least only in broken utterances, which constantly betrayed his activity of thought when any subject interested him. There was nothing conscious or affected in this. His manner of speaking seemed very much like "talking to himself;" the more so, since he used his organ only feebly and without much tone. About the ordinary, every-day affairs and phenomena of life, he never cared to talk at all; and about weighty subjects, such as deeply interested him, he only ex-

* Translated from Wasielewsky's *Biography*, for *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

† In the house, where Schumann for the most part wore felt shoes, he sometimes walked on tip-toe, without any outward occasion. I can speak, of course, only of the last years of his life, during which I knew him intimately.

pressed himself reluctantly and rarely. One had to wait the favourable moment with him, and then again one might stay hours with him, without really getting into conversation. But from his silence, to any person, one could not infer any antipathy or sympathy on his part. It was simply a characteristic trait with him, one that developed itself quite early.* Yet he often, by his persistent silence, offended persons who did not know him intimately, or who thought they knew him too well to need to notice this peculiarity.

In meeting strange and uncongenial persons, Schumann's social forms may frequently have been somewhat repulsive. Especially was he very easily offended by a certain uncalled for "confidential cordiality" and forwardness. He certainly cannot be entirely acquitted of humours and a certain peevishness, especially during the last years of his life, which were clouded by continual inward sufferings. But the kernel of his nature always was so excellent and noble, that the impeachable sides of his personality were scarcely to be taken into the account. He felt and showed himself in the best humour in the more private friendly circle, with a cigar and a good glass of beer or wine, of which latter he preferred Champagne, being in the habit of remarking: "This strikes sparks out of the soul!"

In the family circle Schumann was seldom accessible; but if one enjoyed this preference he felt the most beneficent impression. He loved his children not less than his wife, although he possessed not the gift of occupying himself deeply and for hours together with them.

The outward life, which Schumann led during his last years, was very uniform and extremely regular. In the forenoon, until about 12 o'clock, he worked. Then he usually took a walk, accompanied by his wife and some near acquaintance.† At 1 o'clock he dined, and then, after a short recreation, worked till 5 or 6. After that, he visited, commonly, some public places, or a private club, of which he was a member, to read the newspapers and drink a glass of beer or wine. At 8 o'clock he commonly went home to supper.

Tea parties, so called, and evening parties Schumann visited but seldom and exceptionally. On the other hand, he occasionally received a certain circle of acquaintances and friends of Art in his house. At such times, when he found himself in a good mood, he could be a very agreeable host; indeed there were single instances during his Düsseldorf life, when he showed himself uncommonly cheerful and good-humoured. Once, in fact, after they had had music and supper, he proposed a general dance, in which, to the joyful surprise of all present, he took a lively part himself.

In professional affairs Schumann was severe and conscientious, although he almost never gave way to expressions of violence or passion, and if he did, he soon spoke again in a conciliatory and conciliated tone. This happened, when he had once been peevish towards one he esteemed, which he immediately felt and tried to make all right again. When there was difference of opinion, he commonly kept silent; but this was always a sure sign of his unproclaimed opposition, on the ground of which he simply acted as he thought right. To all malignity and coarseness of feeling he was inexorably stern, and where it had once manifested itself to him, he was evermore irreconcilable.

Of Schumann's way of meeting his companions in Art (mu-

* Kapellmeister Dorn communicates the following experience:—"When I saw Schumann again for the first time after a long absence in the year 1843, there was music at his house (on his wife's birthday). Among those present was Mendelssohn. We had scarcely time to exchange two words, for new parties kept offering congratulations. As I took leave, Schumann said to me in a mournful tone, 'Ah, we have not been able to have any conversation.' I consoled both him and me by alluding to the next meeting, and said, smiling, 'Then we will have a good spell of silence!' 'Oh,' replied he, blushing, and in a low tone, 'then you have not forgotten me?'"

† Schumann smoked very fine and strong cigars, which he playfully called little devils."

‡ If, on the way, he met his children, he would stop awhile, pull out his lorgnette and look at them a moment, saying in a friendly tone, "Now, you little dears!" then he would resume his former mien, and proceed upon his way as if nothing had occurred.

sicians and critics especially) I have already spoken in the course of this work. In this respect he was a model. There was no trace of jealousy or envy in him. He joyfully and warmly recognised what was great, significant, and talented, particularly when he felt himself addressed by kindred elements. In the latter case he showed too,—what must strike one in his thoroughly German tendency and way of thinking—an enthusiastic sympathy for foreign art, although he was completely on his guard against the more recent dramatic music of France and Italy, and with regard to the latter never attained to a correct appreciation, based upon objective intuition. During his last years he sometimes expressed less interest for some great masters of the past, particularly for the art of Haydn and Mozart. Indeed he indulged occasionally in disparaging words about certain works of these composers, in which he naturally was misunderstood by most; for the principal, immediate cause of such expressions was his sickness, although it is not to be doubted that, with advancing years, his habit of spinning in his own ideal world, gaining more and more the upper hand in him, had a certain share in it.

In the departed, the Art-world of our time has lost one of its most highly and richly-endowed creative minds,—one of its most consecrated priests. His life is alike valuable and instructive for the history of Art. Valuable through its restless striving for the highest, for the noblest, and the results which he attained,—instructive through the errors with which he, too, as more or less every earth-born being, had to pay his tribute to the Finite. But blessed is the man who has so striven and so erred, as he has done!

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday week Mr. Thorne Harris gave the first of his recitals in Mr. Wood's new saloon, George-street, which was filled to overflowing. The selection was judicious, and the performance uniformly excellent. The more prominent features of the programme were Beethoven's Sonata in G, three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and his duo Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello. Beethoven's Sonata was rendered in a style which showed how carefully Mr. Harris had studied the work. Every movement was given with appropriate expression. Not less successful was his rendering of the *Lieder*, the second of which was admirably played, and produced a marked impression on the audience. In Mendelssohn's fine duo Sonata, Mr. Harris was ably supported by M. Allard, both artists appearing to be thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the music they were engaged in interpreting. The profound attention with which the admirable composition was listened to showed that when high class music is adequately performed it cannot fail to be appreciated. Were the public afforded more frequent opportunities of hearing the pianoforte compositions of the great masters of the art, they would soon be taught to prefer them to the flimsy and ephemeral productions of the more modern schools. A piece by Rubinstein, entitled *Kamennoi Ostrov*, was also highly effective. The second "recital" was given on Saturday. The programme comprised many exquisite *morceaux*, in which the abilities of Mr. Harris as an accomplished pianist were conspicuously displayed. In Beethoven's "Duo" in C minor, for violin and pianoforte, Mr. W. Howard gave his assistance, showing, in his execution of the "adagio" and "scherzo," the taste of a true artist. The "recital" was again attended by a highly fashionable and crowded audience.

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